

THERES A BIRD IN THE ENGINE

I said, as she  
smiled  
all the way down  
to her crotch;  
and the traveling engineer  
picking  
his nose  
with the tip of an aluminum  
hook  
grabbed me by the horn  
of my eyeglasses,  
whispering  
statistics. . .

SOMETHING IS BURNING

I shouted, re-  
fusing  
a french pastry wrapped  
in toilet paper,  
cellophane  
noodles,  
and the blue sauce cooked  
from the bones  
of a drowned lobster. . .

WHO UNZIPPED THE PRESSURE

I screamed, im-  
paled  
on a tube of metal,  
watching  
her lips offer  
pillows, and her tongue  
break into small  
pieces, like aspirin  
or stars. . .

THERE ARE CLOUDS BETWEEN MY LEGS

I said, hissing  
with all my mouths,  
waiting  
for the red fist  
of God  
to bust through the window,  
invisible screws and  
mountains flapping  
in the wind,  
a refraction  
of frozen underwear  
strapped  
to the lap of my brain. . .